

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 21, 1829.

TERMS, \$2 IN ADVANCE

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL COATE ATKINSON, No. 112 CHESTNUT STREET, BETWEEN THIRD & FOURTH STREETS, AND DIRECTLY OPPOSITE TO THE POST-OFFICE—BY COUNTING-ROOM ON HUDSON'S ALLEY.

STANZAS ON PARTING.

STANZAS ON PARTING.
 Adieu to thee, whose winning charms
 Have robb'd this bosom's rest;
 Adieu! and trust to other arms
 That form which mine hath press'd.
 Go seek the homial voice of those
 Whom Fortune makes more dear;
 But know, this heart tho' griev'd, will flow
 With fondness as sincere!

met there in life's summer hour,
 And strove to make the best I could;
 And there now, a tender flower,
 By other hands earnestly
 Found there not kind and kind at first,
 In feeling's purest glow—
 Love them, tho' my bosom bore,
 And transport yields to woe.

And units in other hands
 That heart entreat to me;
 As while a chard of life responds
 Most beats unchang'd to thee I
 Take, take the emblems that you gave,
 When vows appear'd too true;
 'I hear them to your quiet grave,
 Till love has triumph'd through!
 'I weave around some other heart
 Affection's soothing ties;
 And there, should Fortune lower, depart,
 Like bird in summer skies,
 Yet not a shock unmet with tears,
 A breast unshook with pain;
 Yet not thy conquests with thy years,
 Till not a charm remains!

ly love, the brief as summer flowers,
layet as angels' pure—
lives in phantasia's rapturous home,
But dies when stormy come o'er,
And the sad restreave can hear,
Since thou hast proved unkind;
And in unbreathing silence wear
The grief-worn thoughts of mind.
I die! but live within thy breast
The memory of the past;
For when the thought so often press'd,
"My love is mine at last!"
Dies! and round thy fond ones name;
Kind memory's spell be thrown,
And think of him whose changeless flame
In brightness shines alone!

WALDEGRAV

TO GRIEF.

DISCOURSED TO MISS LYDIA L.—
Of the weeping eye—the flowing tear—
Of the sad and stricken heart,—
Who to mortals art forever near,
Singing round some hero's and chosen part
Of the fitful ones! whom none own build
On anything O'er to thee I willing bow
Thy silent vanquishings of pride
I caught my spirit's high control to know,
Every soaring thought to feel thy pow'r took
Was a time—ere Hope had truant prov'd,
Aure—a glist' phantom—hid her face;
Every little thing my heart had mur'd,
I laid on spoke of love-lead—
Was a time, vain one, I knew thee not!
Every thought, and every feeling, lent
Warm of Beauty to the humblest lot.
Was happy!—Heav'n had not yet sent,
Ere, a pang, to mar my bosom's glad content,
Was happy!—Memory dared not shide;
Joy, and Joy, and Truth, were written on
Sacrosanct precincts of a brow, unhid
—undim'd!—by sadness! It was one
From Life seemed a gay and happy dream
In golden sunshine: And the fairy forms
Attended gifted with their gleam,
Like the burning thoughts—the maddest
Shames—
Despair—wild—blaze, that Love to tinctures
Stains—

as then *all feeling—all desire!*
Disappointment scowled across my path,
Shepherd her talisman—the quenchless fire,
Boundless thirst for knowledge—all that harn
In the wild, unshackled soul,
Forth in *new energies!*—the touch
Of death, could hardly dare control
My mountings of my spirit—such
The fierce flame within me—raging, O,
Such!

proud one, that thou shouldst have to scold
 myself and the feeling heart alone!
 Whom shouldst visit with unmeasured wrath
 Whom whose deep throbs are all thine?
 The rampant plant is soonest doomed to fade!
 The changing heart, and the inconstant eye,
 Are not soon as those by nature made
 To last and deep!—Whose pure intensity
 Comes with every clod that fluteth lowering
 In the voice of music in the hall!
 The soft breathings—and the pump—the
 The loud-swelling organ—heard ye all?
 Feasted those whom men have styled gay
 —In the voice of laughter; and the sound
 And footstep in the merry dance?
 Ye that they shall ever thus be found?
 In the hour of gladness—and the glance
 Of pure, dark, O Greece! but hastes those who

'd ye the lowly manner? Is there naught
 or its harmony and peace? Hark Ye
 to visit them? With careful thought
 'd ye image on the tumbled brow
 I cannot here! Hunger cannot starve
 from the door of Fear!—The high,
 night, and the day, all most ac-
 cused and, and then they all must die
 'd ye if on down — or in some loved sig-
 thou, but I answer that man can hide from
 can at ever present, 'th' unseen;
 brightest look in life's slow chain may be
 weakest too!—Alas, who hath not seen
 eye hath not yet told him that the weak-
 er, 'th' it break upon his land,
 dig, for its fellow slips a grate
 wide, and anple!—Aye, Fate's brittle

DEDICATION.

Poets have said—(what will not Poets say !)
That the bright stars which spangle yonder heav'n,
So bright !—so beautifully bright !—that they
Have listen'd to the voice of music risen
From earthly choirs !—shall I, the God has given
Not unto me the master's spell-wrought line,
But the rude pen of nature—shall even
I dare to hope, sweet Muse, thou'lt own as thine
This offspring of a heart so weak—so frail, as mine.

SENEX.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
THE ANCHORET.

Lone, in a solitary wild,
 Amid the majesty of nature's God,
 Sat, brooding o'er an untold, hopeless woe,
 A thing like man.

The somewhat singular manner in which this following story came into my possession deserves recording. In the year 1823, I was travelling alone a "howling wilderness." Night overtook me many miles from the place of my destination. It was as dark as—as it always is when neither moon nor stars give evidence that such places are in existence. I had some strong objection to passing the night alone and without shelter, and I sought a "white man's range" as the Indians call it, but, without success. I was, however, very serious. To increase my perplexity, I had wandered from the main road. My horse, however, still continued to break his way slowly through the tangled underbrush, till at length, my inexpressible joy, I discovered apparently the dim glare of a taper through the deep gloom of the wood. I was deceived by a *Serri-facia*, no, that can't be the name—I have it—it was a *Serri-facia*, a kind of beetle, and I was deceived along, self-elpoid, it showed me the dim outline of a miserable hut, apparently tenanted. It proved, though affording a better shelter, however man and beast, than many an apology for an inn amid the extensive wilds of Ohio. At sunrise I awoke, much refreshed; and being of somewhat inquisitive nature, began to examine the ruins of the hut. I had pillored my head upon a slight eminence; it was a dry and ghastly looking pile of bones, and I had laid my head on the breast, the other stretched out upon the floor, the under jaw had fallen off, and the scylo sockets, —laugh, I shudder yet, even at the thought of it. On a worm-eaten shelf, amid a pile of mouldy and dust-covered books and pamphlets, I found the following tale. From the writing it appears to have been composed two distant times. There is the strong nervous hand of youth, and the pained, trembling hand of age. Of the truth or consistency of the value, I shall say nothing, as you can judge for yourself after a perusal:

Should these pages ever meet the eyes of man and perhaps they may when my body has mingled with its original dust, he will, I trust, permit me, ere I record the parti-colored scenes of my life, to address to him a few preparatory lines. Like you, oh man! I am one who is born

[illegible]

My birth-place was the city of Rome, and I will go on to say that I was born with a father and mother, and two sisters, in the magnificent mansion of my father. It is not at this distant period, I cannot be vanity, to say that my heart was formed for the deepest feelings. Hate seldom inhabited it; but once there, its hold was too death. As strong as death, it would almost burst the gates of that potent monarch, and so had it sway, with a force that time itself could not diminish. It was not the low, steady flame of an undying taper; it was not the bright flash of a moment; but it was like the terrible precursor of a storm without its evanescence, burning like eternal flame on the broad face of he-

ten: "I was such a very rich and kind man, came visit my father when I had attained the age of twelve years. The distance to his residence was short, but always immersed in business, he seldom found time or inclination to leave it. When he returned he insisted upon taking me with him. It was the first time I had ever partaken from the beautiful, the playful companions of my childhood: from my revered father, my dear, dear mother. Now were my feelings, my thoughts, my soothing tears flowed freely, and I departed.

Time coursed on with lagging steps for eight years. I had become a man; and often now, fancy, were the soft and low-breathed sighs beauty wasted to my ear. Beauty was my idol, I worshipped, almost adored it. Yes, I bowed down and lay my head in the dust before a pair of brilliant eyes and crimson-tinged al-

her. Swift rolled the rattling wheels, and the cheerful chirrup of the driver rung like music in my heart, for it urged still faster on the foam-steeds. Anticipations of happiness and sweet enjoyments already pictured in my view it drew clear of my kindred. There was the bright daylit eyes of my mother, and the serene, joy-lit eyes of my mother and brother. The carriage, careless gliding the well-remembered door, I rushed. William met me in the hall: he was weeping. "What is the matter? why do you weep?" "Prepare yourself for bad news—the worst." "I am, I am; what is it?" "Speak!" "There is—" "Dead!" shrieked, rushing past him. How calm and still she lay! She was dead. How calm and still she lay! that pale, marmoreal, gleaming thing! I bent over her and kissed her pale lips, still warm with life. My mother too was ill. She

then afflicted with an inflammation on the brain. Her health was partially restored, but her reason was forever unsettled. "I was the witness," she said, "I received! I followed, with a stern look and tearless eye, to the grave of Theresa. That and that she lay in the cold ground. I could have cursed them for the deed; but with a strong effort restrained the violence of my passion. I heeded not who went or came, till a trembling hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a laugh full of horror startled me.—It was my mother! She wept and laughed alternately; but she was very pale, and her eyes gleamed like fire. Her hair smooth, glossy forehead. And, oh! if agony can be added to despair, I felt it then. And we stood together, and knelt together, over the fresh sodded grave. Suddenly she started and fled: others rushed past in pursuit; and my brother came and took my hand, while the tears flowed down his cheeks, and led me unresisting home. And there my father sat, silent, uncomplaining and passive, as though he scarce knew the cause of his sorrows. They brought my mother here, the servants first, who told me that they bore her in on a litter; her hands and clothes were stained with blood! They laid her upon a bed, but she never spoke again! I went to her and kissed her white brow and her cold, blood-stained hand; and turned away, left the room, and fled. I knew not whither, but the tangled brake was my only bed, and the wild beast, and the spotted snake, and the toad, were my only companions; for I ceased away the sweet birds that were wont to sing, and made them bring their own wayward but harmless notes."

midnight, to listen to the hooting of the owls and the bat, I loved to hear him with pasteurized head, and snap his teeth close to my ear: and the wild beasts growled in concert, while his red flaming eyes glared upon me: and, oh! his snoring was the shrill howl of the shaggy wolverine. I might have been a lion, and I might have been a bear, and I might have been a tiger, to behold a face that belonged to humanity.

The heaviest train of the forest began to grow hateful to me. I wished again to hear the birds, to hear the warble forth their morning notes to the rising sun, but they flew away at my approach affrighted. Then would I lay me down, despondent and heart-sick, on the cold ground. I could not sleep, I could not sleep. I could not sleep. My eyes were again in my father's hall: all was mirth and festivity. A bridal train swept by me, and the blushing bride, I thought it was Lucia, but on her lip, her sweet, virginal lip, love had wreathed a smile; it looked as though her heart smiled. And the bridegroom, a scornful smile curled his proud lip, and a frown gathered on his brow. They stood, alone and alone, and motioned till my father's hand came to bless his last remaining daughter. The shriek broke the momentary silence, and the bride sunk upon the floor, red blood spouting from her bosom: while the groom stood over her, waving in exultation his blood-stained dagger! Another shriek, and I awoke. My fire was burning low, and a huge phantom had appeared before me. I seized a smoking brand, and hurled it at his head—he ran howling into

Then I determined once more to seek the habitations of man. I pursued my way through the wild mazes of the forest, and again came to sight of the abode of my infancy. It was even as I approached, that I perceived a low, not festively resounding, loud— the voice of mirth and gladness— there was hushed. I entered; there was none to welcome me. The door of my sister's chamber stood partly open. She was singing a low plaintive air. The words to this day remain in my memory—

Thou art, oh! where is thy sweet voice now?
I hear it on mine grave at the even tide,
For the green grass grows where thy form lies low,
Grim death has called thee to his bride!

All, all are dead; I am left alone,
Lonely as the leafless tree, and bending age;
How sweet the grave where their spirits have flown,
But there's room for me; there is room for me!

Soft lies the turf on a breeze head,
And lingers the snowless earth for age it flees,
O'er the grassy graves of the sleeper dead:
Oh! would they could whisper of me one for me!

"Lucia," I said; she arose and turned towards me. There was fear marked upon her countenance, as she gazed in silence. "Lucia, my sister," I ejaculated, and then she knew me, and that meeting to both. At length inquired for my father. She wept. I repeated the question, and she answered in a low, deep voice, "Dead." "And William, where is he?" "Dead, dead, all dead!" "All dead," I murmured; "it needs but one more, and I am alone— one more, and my blood flows in the veins— nothing earthly save myself; and I felt a horrible pleasure in the idea: my life parted with the world."

Day once more broke over the world in a hermatron glory. To visit and weep over the graves of my family, was my first duty. I astonished on hearing the dates of their monuments, to find that had been dead upwards of a year! Could it be possible that a year had passed over my head in that wild forest?

Needless and tedious would it be, to relate the manner in which my time was passed for several weeks. One night I was awakened by a servant, who told me my sister was dying, and was gone. Then I felt that she too had

destined for the grave, and instantly proceeded to her chamber; but too late, she was lifeless! Then, for the first time, was a direful tale whispered in my ear. She had been betrayed & deserted!

James Walton! let his name be recorded in letters of blood on the blackest page of infamy! was one of those smooth, perfidious villains who, by a deadly serried charm are able to draw their victims: he was one of those who had deep wiles, and artful flattery, won their way to the heart of unsuspecting innocence, and then leave them to their misery and despair. I saw by my sister's corpse two long nights and days, and then at midnight, unknown, I followed her to the house of the dead.

How long I remained there, accompanied her, as the whistlers would say, by the side of the hearse, as the ungodly walk by the side of the hearse, and the goodly as the angels, I cannot tell; but the long glimmering sickle-edged tapers; but not a whisper, nothing

save the slow, solemn tread, broke the mournful silence. An uninterested spectator, might have fancied he saw the nightly *cérémonie des départs* of spirits! They laid her in the dust, and I lost one of the ancient and most venerable of spirits! They laid her in her coffin, and then, she all had passed, and I was left alone. I saw the shroud, and the dim tapers, slowly winding the way through a long avenue, shrouded by the green, lifeless poplar: and when the chaunt for the dead fell fainter and more faint upon my ear, then I knelt by the cemetery of my ancestors, upon the tomb of my sister, and swore to destroy, and invoke the spirit of Lucia to haunt me, until I was avenged.

Complete! That oath was recorded in letters never to be erased but by the hand of death upon a heart as I thought for evermore.

Lonely is the mansion of my father—lonely

my father's hall. A solitary being, musing with
despair, yet with demonic pleasure, over the total
darkness, had almost been exulting over the total
destruction of my family,—a smile, grim as imagi-
nation might paint that of the arch fiend, when
accounting over the goodly numbers of those
whom he has led astray, would often settle on
my features, and leave its trace for hours, when
breeding over my proposed revenge. Lonely
in my father's hall: my step alone awakes the
lingering echo; my foot only disturbs the midnight
silence, as a drop of sleep covers the world,
when the spirit of the night is abroad with
penance for their crimes—then do I steal forth,
like the guilty wretch who fears to face his fel-
low mortals, and stretch myself upon the vault
where my friends sleep in corruption! If ever I
walked forth in the day time, I was pointed at
and laughed at—and the suppressed whisper of
fear or curiosity, would sometimes reach my ear,
but none spoke to me; few knew me—even the
children would run screaming with terror from
me, as I passed. I had been a school-boy, as I
my mother's chamber—it was the first time
I had entered it since her death—" 'tis strange
that all should fly from me, as though there were
contamination in the very air I breathe." My
eyes caught the reflection of my form in a mirror,
and my wonder ceased. A most horrid ap-
pearance presented itself to my view,—shaggy
matted elf locks hung over my forehead, a black
grisly beard curled around my neck, my garments,
soiled and stained with dirt, hung in grotesque
folds, I laughed aloud at my own gawdi-
ous figure.

From that time I became an altered man, and entered the gay world as just returned from foreign parts. My uncle had left me the bulk of his immense fortune. Riches were therefore no more, far beyond the utmost extent of my wishes. I was fond of my footstep; praise and flattery were whispered to my ears. As you might say, "the gayest of the gay," I rushed into the vortex of dissipation. Fortune bought me friends, lovers, and every thing that the heart of man could wish—but all around me were false; their professions of friendship were hollow and fleeting as the cavern echo.

The time at length came—and he who had loved the fame, and broken the hearts of many a fair maid, and who had been the admiration and mark to the all powerful shafts of love. The object of that love was fair, but nature had denied her a heart, or rather the love of the world and its allurements, banished every other passion. Her highest wish, her only aim, was to become thought the fairest, the most fashionable, and the most worshipped, of the whole illustrious assembly of the spirit and the sense. I was to become tributary. These she had not; and she had destined James Walton as her prey. He fell into her snare, and proved to the world that she had a heart, by his devotion to her slightest wishes. This was what I wanted—and I rejoiced, for my revenge was near. Every man I encountered, an inventive genius could suggest ways and means to elenate her pretended affections from him.

They succeeded, for the knew my fortune was

more ample was forbidden the house, and was near to triumph in secret over his agony: he beat his naked bosom with his clenched fist: his features were distorted with shame, rage, and disappointment; and his eyes rolled like a raging maniac!

"That has not been a glorious sight," I exclaimed, pacing as usual my solitary chamber. "His rage was spent in exultation, but my revenge was not yet complete. Lucia was dead, and he yet lived: it was not enough, he must die! He thought meignorant of his villainy, for with him my face had ever worn a careless smile, as though all within was at ease, and he triumphed in the hope that it would ever remain a secret. The next morning a friendly invitation came to me, suggesting that I should go to the evening. We met as friends, where the Banks of the L— wash the eternal rock upon which my mansion was built. The white moonlight trembled on the foaming wave, and slept placid and serene, on the green sward beneath our feet. He was musing over his ruined hope, yet ignorant of their destroyer. I stood before him; my eye flashed, and my moodman, and I said, 'I have passed the passion of *Jamais*.' 'I shouted, "murderer of the sainted Lucia, seducer of innocence, foul, contaminated wretch! thy hour has come: remember thy black crimes, call to mind the tears and prayers of your victim, for the avenger is near!" Did you think I did not know you? Did you think that retribution, because delayed, would never come? Know that I have dogged your steps, and that I thought I was near. 'Twas I who ruined your hopes—'twas I who blasted your expectations—it was I who stole the affections of your false

He had been standing silent, and pale with fear, till the last denunciation was hurled upon his head; but then his eyes glared like mine, he eagerly seized the offered sword, and the words were bared to the glittering dew. We fought with the fury of mortal hate: the fire rolled till the earth when our swords clashed; my foot slipped, and his weapon entered my side. I thought the wound was mortal, and sprang upon him like a tiger, determined his too should share my fate. I shortened my sword, and

drove it to his heart. He fell to the earth with a hollow groan—his eyes glared—and the white foam, mingled with blood, stood on his lips. Yelled with a fiend-like laugh, as if trampling on his agony, he hurled himself into the storm with his torrent! Dark, black clouds, curtained the planet of night; and the rains of heaven washed away every trace of James Walton from the earth!

For many weeks after, I was unable to leave my room. My wound was deep, and at one time thought mortal; but health once more invigorated my frame, and shed her balmy influence through my veins. The pain was shrouded in gloom. Without a kindred tie to brood near to the world, why should I live? Why not "by a single act end all," and sleep in death's unknown, inviolable land, withhold me from suicide. There was nothing worth living for but yet I lived. A hatred to society, and a wish

to hide myself forever from the world, has led me to this wild retreat. Youth, health, and riches, although they are a violence on my senses, have not the time *ways* to turn them into a self again mingle with a now hateful world. Perhaps that time is near. * * *

Once more to the world a long farewell!—to now forever. Oh! would that I had never left my lonely, solitary cot. But vain is that wish. The past can never, never be recalled; and the present,—how age adds speed to the wings of time. When I was young, I was a foreigner here, and my only determination to travel. The world was all before me. On no single spot was my affection centered. Europe was witness to my determination. The gilded, burning sands of Africa, bore the print of my footsteps. Asia, through time has my harassed, yet proud spirit borne me. I have gazed upon the mighty pyramids of Egypt,—those proud links that

I rose with the present and things to come—
 the chronicles of by-gone days, which mock
 at the crumbling of hand time, the thought
 that the earthquake and the whirlwind will
 gaze upon the giant walls of Constantinople,
 where the first christian Emperor erected the
 standard of the cross, now waning before the
 blood-stained crescent of Mahomet. The mosque
 and the minaret now usurp the place where
 once the spire of the Apostles of God reflected
 the blaze of day. My bark has mingled with
 the waves that float on the Bosphorus.
 Come! the palace of the Cæsars, the mighty
 Coliseum, the Circus, the Temples of the Gods,
 the Capitol, and the Pantheon—all have passed
 before me, as though the wind of a magician
 had opened the mighty portals of distant worlds,
 and suffered me to gaze upon the effects of tow-
 ering ambition—the folly of man in endeavor-
 ing to perpetuate his name, as though he would
 and the generations of undecorated fatuity to
 wonder on his works, and listen to him
 name with awe. And these proud monuments
 are crumbling now. And the names that recorded
 them—where are they? Gush oblivion. Well
 the tell you? Oh! never think it. She will
 mingle in derision, and point to her black, still,
 engulfing wave, and whisper,—There will be
 some sleep—and so will I. Well, let it—let
 it sleep.

The bright, unclouded sun, had smiled him-
 self well to the half denuded, yet proud walls,
 the city of Naples. I stood upon an eminence
 in the outskirts of the city, and gazed
 of grandeur lay before me, which stood

lugged with dead, stretched itself to the westward, as if some far distant wave rising in wrath, except that it was as still and immovable, as though outspread by the strong hand of Omnipotence. The barge, the gondola, and the white-robed gondolier, all, like the sea gull about to retire from a distant to a nearer, deathly stillness, were as if mingled with the shadows of innumerable palaces.

"A very pleasant evening, sir," said a voice behind me. It was an elderly man, with regular features, upon which much age had left but few traces. On his attire, too, much age, light, and airy as a phantom—nothing, as far as the world could discern, was to be seen. "You appear to be a stranger in this city, and probably are not aware that these suburbs are sometimes infested with robbers. In ten minutes darkness will cover the earth, and your life will be endangered by a longer stay."

I was in no very compassionate humor; and, returning thanks for his kind words, slowly departed towards the banks of a projecting arm of the Venetian lagoon, the play of the moonlight on the water, and the gleam and glimmer of many barges, and other watercraft, were moored on the opposite bank, reaching to the scarce perceptible motion of the water, and a few chaloupes and gondolas, and illuminated bows, were darting across the bay in different directions, like so many shooting stars, and the water was fantastically decorated with streamers flying, and a strain of music came flitting over the waves, sweet as the music came flitting over the waves.

now swelling full, and echoing far and freely, then sinking into indistinctness, till every fibre of the heart was strained, and every nerve trembled with indefinable emotion. As she shrank away from me there, a gondola, without lights, glided from the island, and, but for the distance from me, and shot directly before her. A fearful shriek was heard, and the next instant they met. The gondola was shattered and sunk, and her hand ceased playing, lights were moving hurriedly to and fro in the barge, and cries for help, mingled with shrieks, rung in my ears. I darted down the declivity; and, wrenching the chain of a skiff, sprang into her, and put off the pursuit of the sufferers. The floating fragment of the wreck was, with much reluctance, hoisted into the barge. "Oh! save my father," she shrieked, while the water dripped from her long, black, glossy ringlets. Her father was hoisted into the skiff, as he rose a second time to the surface. Two of the gondoliers sunk for ever! By the time we reached the shore, the pale, cold man was far recovered as to be able to tell his own name. A servant preceded us with a flambeau to one of the most magnificent palaces of Venice. I was struck with astonishment at the glare of grandeur and riches displayed in the interior. I recognised the man who had given me the friendly warning in the suburbs, in the person of the father; and if I had thought that he would be much more so in the dusky bow of twilight, I should have been much more so. Notwithstanding the entreaties, I persisted in my resolution of returning to my hotel. "She is very lovely—very." Such thoughts occupied my mind during the remainder of the evening, and my imagination

The next morning, agreeable to a promise of the preceding evening, my steps were directed to the "Morrell Palace." I was welcomed in the kindest manner by the old man. His daughter, she said, had scarce recovered from the fright of the last evening—but would soon make her appearance. He was a man who had made human nature his study. Easy, affable, and agreeable in his manner, and at home on every subject. Taking advantage of a momentary pause in the conversation which ensued, he said:—

"It is right you should know the person whom you have rescued. My name is Falcio Caster. I am. It was once my highest glory to belong to a Senate, whose wisdom dictated laws, and whose rigid justice guarded them from violation. I have been a senator, but I am no longer. I am a slave. May I be permitted to know the name of one, to whose generous exertions I owe my life?"

"Certainly, my name is Carlos M. . . ."

"My birth place, America."

"You are then an American. The sound of that mighty revolution, which gave you liberty and a name among the nations of the earth, has reached these distant shores. Our hearts have thrilled at the recital of your wrongs, and rejoiced at their glorious termination. May I know the nature of the business which has brought you to Naples? Perhaps I can assist you." Before he could answer, Rossella entered, radiant in beauty.

"If," said he, "our short acquaintance does not warrant the liberty I have taken, it is *my own opinion* to answer my question, but I am anxious, in some measure, to relieve the weight of obligation under which I labour, by reciprocating it, if possible."

"I thank you for your kind intention; and if you think the events of my life will interest you, I will be glad to converse with you on the subject; otherwise, I will relate them—but speak not of obligation; the pleasure of having been of service to a fellow creature in distress,"—and I glanced towards the blushing Rosalie—"more than compensates me. I pray you, let it be forgotten."

"Though you may forget it, there are those who never will; and you will indeed favour me, if I shall hence to your story with pleasure."

Where is that man, who, having for a short time at least, become a being of interest to his subjects or admirers, who, for a few tedious months, has been the utterance, in the ears of his former days, to interest that heart in his favour? I was in a most communicative mood, and related the principal events of my youth, but certainly not uninteresting life. I was fully gratified for my pains, by the gentle tear of compassion that glittered in the bright eyes of Rosella. How the sympathizing tear of innocence and beauty, heals the corroding sorrow of a wounded heart! Each succeeding day was to the "Marcella Palace," where I was the object of welcome. The duties of his steward, once called Castelli from home for many hours together; and, in his absence, I wandered with Rosella through the long colonnade in front of the Palace, admiring the beauty of an Italian, or listening with rapture when she accompanied her voice with the dulcet tones of the flute. At other times, the ready gauds floated over the receding wave, dancing lightly on the sunlit pillow, as though she felt the influence of the mermaid's spell, the sea-maid's charm. Her presence lightened his daily labors. My propensity for travelling suddenly left me. A new study was opened, far more delightful than history or antiquity. She whom I loved to study with all the vivacity of an Italian, possessed a heart nearly alive to the kindly feelings of woman—a heart which, once enkindled by the torch of love, burned with the steadiness and intensity of a native noon-day's sun. Commencing a relation

years above her age or years; yet with her, there was no parade of learning or accomplishments—no affectation. Every action, every movement, proved her a very child of nature. At times, in conversation, she would rave from subject to subject with astonishing rapidity; yet, like the bee, extracting honey from every flower. Her thoughts revolved around the wheel of time, and still as the sun and moon, she was in the world. On some of these mornings, when a heavy mist, its appearance almost tangible, lay along the bay and hung suspended from the brow of the mountain, or coiled around the vine grove, forming a most picturesque view, that of a forest or clouds,—when the pattering sun rade through the leafy arch firmament, and the streets were illuminated by a fine mist, she would be seen leaning upon a stone. This welcomed me—but her melancholy smile held its place no longer. A mild smile had settled on her features—and when she touched the lute, it was only to pluck a few stray notes from the strings, and to breathe a few air. Soon she laid aside that instrument with a look which showed she had sought relief from music in vain; and, taking my arm, we proceeded to a room which she had reserved for me. Every thing here was tasteful and elegant. A large gilt crosscase bore a mirror that reflected nearly a whole side of the apartment. We walked a few paces across the room—and when, as if exhausted, she trow herself upon the sofa. A tear trembled in her light blue eyes, and she turned her face away from me. I never looked upon a woman's tears without being moved. I seated myself by her side, and

shared the cause of her distress. She answered not; and I threw myself upon my knees before her, and repeated the question more earnestly. Still no answer was returned. That was an opportunity I had long wished for—and I was in haste to seize it. I turned round, and looked upon an altar of love. Her head fell upon my bosom, and the tears flowed freely and unobscured. I listened in vain for the sweet assurance of reciprocated passion—but the action was sufficient. We knelt together before the altar—cross—and, on that sacred symbol, our faith was enshrined. For the consent of her father to our union, was still wanting—but that was no longer a question. The prayers we repeated, and the next day before the altar present, were those vows pronounced, which unalterably bound us to each other, till the hour of death should sever the invisible knot.

Oh! time, time,—thy hand has blasted the glow of earthly hope in my bosom forever: thy hand has touched the invisible, the attenuated thread of life, and the palmy age is fast stealing upon me. Scarce can the trembling hand direct the pen that records these lines. For years have I been blind, and blind to the future. Oh! moment to wile away the dreary winter of age, I trace but the events of my life, yet unrelated. Thirty years since, the fairest, happiest prospects of the future, lay open before me. My heart looked forward to long years of bliss. Now, oh! how dark, how dark, float by the visions of the past. A year after our marriage Roccia presented me a son. With what fond delight would I gaze upon the infant of my own blood, and press upon his breast, and clasp his little innocent arms around her neck—and when its lapsing tongue first pronounced the name of father,

heart swelled with unutterable rapture, to see her hug to her bosom the blooming babe, and hang over its untroubled slumber, with such fondness. Parent—husband! you alone can understand all my emotions at such moments. How fleeting, how transitory, is all human happiness! Scarce had its infant spirit smiled a year upon the world, when it was called away. I gazed upon its quivering limbs writhing in agony, the rolling glassy eyes, the convulsed shoulder, the faint, feeble moan, and the ghastly features blackened over by the hand of death! Gladly

would I have endured all its sufferings, to relieve a fellow creature from
 death for one moment—but, it slept at length, in peace. What is the calm, cold sorrow of a
 peaceful death?—one who has been fastened to the earth beneath the
 weight of a thousand years, is forced into a new position, where there is no middle path—
 their hearts open to the highest happiness of mortality, or the lowest
 depth of misery.

My beautiful wife slept beneath the weight of sorrow, and long nights of watchfulness,
 during her darling babe. Imagining a change of scene would be beneficial, and, by the
 advice of a physician, we departed from Naples, and embarked on the proud billows of the
 Mediterranean. The light bark flew swiftly over the blue sea, as if delighting to exhibit its
 speed, and the symmetry of its form, to the monsters who were beneath whom it glided.
 We touched at *Nardina* for fresh supplies of water, and again bent the vessel through the yielding element.

[illegible]

100
90
80
70
60
50
40
30
20
10
0

0.90
0.80
0.16
L
H

0.04
0.02

0.00
0.00
0.00
0.10
0.00
0.00
0.00
0.00
0.00
0.00

570
199
110
50
39
25
700
750
50-
50-
475
515
5-
120
500
50-
500
500
500
510

